A

COLLECTION

OF

New SONGS.

Adapted to the TIMES.

Printed for *T. POET.*

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COLLECTION

BRITISH MUSEUM

NEW SONGS

Adapted to the TIMES.

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The LONDON-ELECTION:

A BALLAD.

THE *Londoners*, lately, perceiving the Dangers
Of a *Treaty of Commerce* in favour of Strangers,
Which quickly would render them Objects of Pity,
Would ſhut all their Shops up, and beggar the City,

Had firmly reſolv'd ſuch Patriots to chuſe,
As would Penſions reject, and Places refuſe;
Who ne'er were concern'd in ſurrendring of Charters, Sir *G. N.*
Nor rank'd Sir *John Friend* in the Army of Martyrs; Sir *J. C.*

Who would not encourage a Riot's encreaſe, Sir *R. H.*
And Conſtables threaten in keeping the Peace;
Nor in the dark Liſt of thoſe Jury-men ſtood, Sir *W. W.*
Who Papiſts to pleaſe had ſhed Proteſtant's Blood.

A Poll now begun, it was quickly paſt Doubt,
That the Servile Court-Tools would ſoon be thrown out;
That the City, hereafter, would make a brave ſtand
Againſt all encouragements of Monarch *Le Grand*;

That the Favourite-bill at laſt would miſcarry,
To the Grief of his Friends, both *Robin* and *Harry*;
That *Matthew* from *Paris* wou'd ſoon be forc'd Home,
And his Brother, Count *Tariff*, receive his juſt Doom.

This put *Harlequin* in ſuch a ſad fright,
That the News of the Day broke his ſleep ev'ry Night.
Directions muſt therefore be ſpeedily ſent
How theſe diſmal Effects, the Sheriffs might prevent.

A *Sacheverell* Mob was then tutor'd and paid
To make aloud raving, No Merchants, No Trade;
Stacy. Eſq; N. And the Jaylor of *Ludgate* gave full Pots of Ale,
Whilſt *Gatton*'s Half-Crowns flew about thick as Hail.

Next Pick-pockets, Sharpers, and other vile Fellows,
Were forc'd from the Stews, and the Goal, and the Gallows.
Nay, many a Zealot leap'd out of his Grave
The Church, 'twas pretended, from Ruin to ſave.

That no Votes might be loſt, others took ſo much Care
They were mounted on *Pegaſus*, brought thro' the Air;
From Port *Mahon*, or *New England*, they came
In a Day, did their Buſineſs, and went home the ſame.

By thoſe corrupt Means, a Majority gain'd,
And the Ends which their Managers aim'd at obtain'd
For a Scrutiny ſome to the Sheriffs apply'd,
Who granted at laſt, what at firſt they deny'd.

L--day Co. Then *Towzer*, the Basket Man, fain wou'd have prov'd
All Councellors ſhou'd, out of Court, be remov'd,
Since the Judges would ſhew, that they care not a Straw
For the Rules of right Reaſons, or Dictates of Law.

Having made a long Speech, without Head or Tail,
Yet ſuch as in late common Councils prevail,
He went home to his Spouſe, to let Deareſt know
How finely he talk'd, and how the Scrutiny'd go.

With the Leave of his Worſhip, I next would declare
Who were his Collegues in this weighty Affair;
But to ſay how much Braſs to each does belong,
Is a Task that I can't reconcile to my Song.

Hither Ruby-fac'd *Jerry*, from the *Oxford-Arms* Clan, *Jy C-lin.*
Who toaſt ev'ry Night the Youth at *Lorrain*,
Was ſent to aſſert, ſhould there be an Occaſion,
Their Right who refuſe the damn'd Abjuration.

Here *Jack Puſle* let fly his Quirks, and his Puns, *T. A-dr-ws City Att--y. J--s.*
As faſt as the Blackſmith pops off his great Guns;
And with wonderful Skill ſtrove to make it appear,
That no Affidavits were Evidence there.

Here Barreſter *Dicky*, deeply read in the Law,
Who knew by Experience the Uſe of a Flaw,
Diſfranch'd whole Companys all in a Fury,
And was at the ſame time, Judge, Witneſs, and Jury.

Nothing elſe but his Nonſenſe and Noiſe cou'd be heard.
So well were the Sheriffs for Drudgery prepar'd;
Leaſt the Truth ſhould be known, ſo ſtrong was their Fear,
'Twas unluckily ſaid, They had ſtopped one Ear.

Yet ſuch Villany was, each Moment detected,
They ſaw that their Friends wou'd all be rejected;
Nine Companies finiſh'd, they therefore adjorn'd,
And the Four worthy Knights unelected return'd.

It's very well known there had been a Deſign
To have traffick'd with *France* to the loſs of our Coin,
Againſt which the beſt Oppoſition was made,
By Such as was throughly acquainted with Trade.

They reſolve, ſince the Merchants have been ſo uncivil, *Bp. Pk--r of O--d.*
High Church Divines ſaid, That Trade was an Evil,
The City ſhould be repreſented hereafter
By thoſe who knew nothing at all in the Matter.

The French *King's Thanks and Advice to the Tory M--b--rs and M-n--rs.*

To the Tune of Lillibullero.

WELL play'd my dear Friends for the Catholick Cauſe,
You manage it bravely by learning my Laws;
What ſhou'd Whigs do with Pow'r to oppoſe ſuch as you?
To the Right Line and *Lewis* be faithful and true.
Hang Law and Liberty,
Damn Law and Liberty,
Make Law and Liberty truckle to you:
'Tis your Tory Privilege,
My French *Prerogative,*
All Law and Liberty quite to ſubdue.

You muſt ſeize their Old Rights without Shadow of Wrong,
Who of his have deprived your *Jemmy* ſo long.
Your Electors would all be your Kings, if you let 'em,
But our Wooden Shoes will far better fit 'em.
Hang Law, &c.

Always tell the People, 'Tis for them and the Church;
But when you are choſen, then leave 'em i'th' lurch:
Learn 'em this, and they ſwallow Tranſubſtantiation,
Then mount their blind Faith, and ride the tame Nation.
Hang Law, &c.

You

You muſt ſtick at no Lying or Swearing whatever;
You need not want Money to treat 'em, as never:
As you've flatter'd and brib'd to the heighth for their Votes,
You then fell at their Feet, now fly at their Throats.
Hang Law, &c.

Here's my Purſe to anſwer your Charges and Pains,
And to bind your Electors in *French* Golden Chains;
As now they are bound, ſo make them obey,
Or ſhew 'em to *Newgate*, or *Tyburn* the way.
Hang Law, &c.

Tell the ſheepiſh Diſſenters, They without any Care
May depend for their Safety on God and their Pray'r:
Or if thrown out of Places, and thrown into Gaols,
'Twill but ſpeed 'em to Heav'n with forwarder Gales.
Hang Law, &c.

For the Whigs that refus'd you, remember their Poll;
And my *frenchify'd* Friends, who ſhall dare to controul?
But if ſome will to Law, like the *Ayleſbury* Men,
You muſt lay 'em in Gaol, and their Council again.
Hang Law, &c.

If you get the Petitions once happily ended,
The Q— and the L—s will be thereby befriended!
Then Model the Rights of the Voters, and then
Always you, or your Friends, will be Parliament-men.
Hang Law, &c.

But what if you make this to be your laſt Choice?
Should Brutes (in their Carriage and Senſe) have a Voice?
Why not ſet up at once for Eternal Dictators,
And put into Practice what is in your Natures?
Hang Law, &c.

Now you have pay'd for their Votes, you may honestly seize 'em,
So of Trouble and Care in their chusing, you'll ease e'm;
Their own Money tack'd to a well-framed Bill
Will soon make all truckle and bow to your Will.
Hang Law, &c.

Then *Rome* and High-Church we'll intirely unite;
Fot *Laud* and *L'Estrange* make the Difference slight.
Should Abby Lands go, we'll make their Estates
To pay for't, who will not drive on at our Rates.
Hang Law, &c.

We'll bring in young *Jemmy*, and raise his Arrears
By Plunder. and Taxes on all Mutinier's.
Low-Church and Dissenter that will not comply,
Shall be fin'd, whip'd, imprison'd, starv'd, Banish'd and dye.
Hang Law, &c.

French, *Scotch*, *Irish* Arms, shall together combine
With brave *English Jack* to restore the Right Line,
In a new Tripple League, *France*, *Britain* and *Spain*,
Over all the known World shall Absolute Reign.
Hang Law, &c.

Your *Jemmy* shall Places and Honours bestow,
Which to my fast Friends for his Throne he will owe,
And shall make them descend, as the Crown which he wears,
In despite of all Claim to yours and your Heir's.
Hang Law and Liberty,
Damn Law and Liberty;
Make Law and Liberty truckle to you.
'Tis your Tory Privilege,
My French *Prerogative*,
All Law and Liberty quite to subdue.

The MANAGERS:

A BALLAD.

To the Tune of Chivy-Chase.

1.

GOD bless our Gracious Sovereign *ANN!*
I mean for to rehearse
The noble Actions, as I can,
Of her great Men in Verse.

2.

A Ballad to their Merit may
Most justly then belong,
For why they've giv'n all away
To *Lewis* for a Song.

3.

Now in the Tale that I'm about,
'Tis proper to begin
With telling you, if I'm not out,
How first those Folks got in.

4.

They cry'd, *The Danger of the Church,*
Which did so near surround her,
If Tories left her in the lurch,
The Whigs would quite confound her.

5.

Besides, that we were grown so poor,
The War had cost so much,
And all that we were fighting for,
Was to inrich the *Dutch.*

6.

They ſaid the Duke of *Marlborough*
The War would never end;
For while he always beat our Foes,
How cou'd they e'er be Friends?

7.

'Tis not the Means, theſe Folks did ſay,
To make all Diſcord ceaſe,
But not to ſtrike a Blow, the way
To make a laſting Peace.

8.

When they by raiſing Diſcontent,
Their Tricks they did prevail;
For Peace unto the *Hague* they ſent
My good Lord Privy-Seal.

9.

To him was joyn'd a noble Lord,
That has no Parallel,
To draw the Pen and eke the Sword,
Command as well as Spell.

10.

Lord *Harry* too the Ocean croſs'd,
Poor *Torcy* to confound,
Which Journey has the *French* King coſt
Full many a Thouſand Pound.

11.

Of Treaties many, ſome for Pelf,
Theſe Men were Undertakers;
There's one may execute it ſelf,
The other will their Makers.

12.

Lewis no more ſhall draw his Sword,
For ſolemnly he Swore,
With *Ann* he'd keep his Royal Word,
Which he ne'er kept before.

13.

The Barrier which he yields the *Dutch*
Shall well defended be,
And, that they mayn't be troubled much,
Himſelf will keep the Key.

14.

They have ſettled well the Terms of Trade,
As it was in Sixty Four;
And thankful we may be to have made
So much, when they had more.

15.

And now they try'd by ſubtle Art,
Being got in ſure Poſſeſſion,
To change the Thing next the Queen's Heart,
The Proteſtant Succeſſion.

16.

Myſterious *Oxford* therefore wou'd,
From his profound Library,
Prove, no Right to the Crown was good,
But Right Hereditary.

17.

To aſſert this Truth they did compound
A noble *Folio*,
Some noble Lords they likewiſe bound
In *Duodecimo*.

18.

And now this Doctrine to ſupport,
Who cou'd they think of fitter,
Or to defend in open Court,
Than our Black Knight Sir *Peter*.

19.

What tho' we took him for a Friend,
We need not make a Pudder;
For who's ſo proper to defend
One King as is another?

20.

But now as Things to fall are known,
Between the Cup and Lip,
Juſt ſo the Scheme was quite kick'd down
By one unlucky Slip.

21.

For you muſt know our Miniſters,
Who would be thought ſo crafty,
Are now together by the Ears,
And thence proceeds our Safety.

22.

The *Examiner* does tell the Cauſe
Why they can never hit,
Or elſe, who e'er had dream'd, it was
'Cauſe ſome had too much Wit.

23.

No matter tho' how't came about,
Or on what Fatal Night;
But this I'm ſure, when Knaves fall out,
Honeſt Men get their Right.

24.

The Duke of *Kent*, God bleſs his Grace,
Is going to *Hanover*;
And ſince Things ware ſo good a Pace,
Our Fears muſt needs be over.

25.

Now Stocks may riſe, and all do well,
No Mortal can deny a,
But that the Crown's ſecur'd in Full
On Proteſtant *Sophia*.

26.

Let honeſt Men together ſtand,
And hang this M——;
O then we want to ſave *England*,
No other Guarantee.

FINIS.

20.

But now as Things to fall are known,
Between the Cup and Lip,
Juſt ſo the Scheme was quite kick'd down
By one unlucky Slip.

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23.

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Or on what Fatal Night;
But this I'm ſure, when Knaves fall out,
Honeſt Men get their Right.

24.

The Duke of *Kent*, God bleſs his Grace,
Is going to *Hanover*;
And ſince Things ware ſo good a Face,
Our Fears muſt needs be over.

25.

Now Stocks may riſe, and all do well,
No Mortal can deny a;
But that the Crown's ſecur'd in Tail
On Proteſtant *Sophia*.

26.

Let honeſt Men together ſtand,
And hang this M———;
O then we want to ſave *England*,
No other Guarantee.

FINIS.